

THE  
R A P E  
OF  
PROSERPINE:

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRE ROYAL  
IN  
*Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

---

Written by Mr. THEOBALD,  
AND  
Set to Musick by Mr. GALLIARD.

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*Nunc Dec, regnorum Numen commune duorum,  
Cum Matre est totidem, totidem cum Conjuge menses.*  
OVID.

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THE FIFTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by T. WOOD in *Little-Britain*, and  
at the Theatre-Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

M DCC XXXI.

Price Six-Pence.

R. A. P. E.  
OF  
PROSERPINE:  
A TRAGEDY  
THEATRE ROYAL  
IN  
Lincoln's Inn-Fields.



Written by  
Set to Music by  
New Dram. Opera, &c. &c. &c.  
Can be seen at the Theatre Royal,  
Oxford.

The First Edition.

LONDON:  
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M DCC LXXI.

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THOMAS CHAMBER, *Esq;*

S I R,



HOUGH my Inclination to Musick frequently leads me to visit the *Italian* Opera; yet, I confess, it is not in the Power of the present excellent Performers to prevent my falling into the very common Opinion, that there are many essential Requisites still wanting, to establish that Entertainment on a lasting Foundation, and

iv DEDICATION.

adapt it to the Taste of an *English* Audience.

FOR, not to mention the trite Objection of the Performance being in *Italian*, and the general ill Choice of the Subjects for those Compositions, it is evident, that the vast Expence of procuring foreign Voices, does necessarily exclude those various Embellishments of Machinery, Painting, Dances, as well as Poetry itself, which have been always esteemed (except till very lately in *England*) Auxiliaries absolutely necessary to the Success of Musick; and, without which, it cannot be long supported, unless by very great Subscriptions, of which we naturally grow tired in a few Years.

IT seems, therefore, the only Way by which Musick can be established in *England*, is to give it Assistances from other Arts which it yet wants, and by that Means to adapt it still more to the Publick Taste; to moderate, as much as possible,

## DEDICATION. ▽

fible, the Expence of it, and thereby to make it a general Diversion, which hitherto it has not been.

You will perceive, Sir, that in the following Entertainment, the Vocal Parts of which are here presented to you, I have endeavoured to introduce that Variety which has usually been thought agreeable on the Stage; and have attempted to form the serious Part of it upon the above-mentioned Plan, as a Specimen of what may not be displeasing to an *English* Audience, and from which the Town may be able to form a Judgment of the Effect an Opera would have, if conducted (by an abler Hand) in the same Manner.

As for the other Parts, it might, perhaps, seem an Affectation in me to detain you with the History of the ancient *Pantomime* Entertainments, or to make a long Apology for the Revival of them at present. Thus much, however, may be said  
in

vi DEDICATION.

in their Favour, that this Theatre has of late owed its Support in a great Measure to them. I own myself extremely indebted to the Favour with which the Town is pleased to receive my Attempts to entertain them in this Kind ; and do engage, for my own Part, that whenever the Publick Taste shall be disposed to return to the Works of the *Drama*, no one shall rejoice more sincerely than myself.

I N the mean Time, Sir, give me Leave to recommend all my Part in this Work (the Design of it) to your Favour and Protection: It is, indeed, rightfully yours, having been born in your Family, where, amidst many other Pleasures of an easy and agreeable Friendship, I found myself at Leisure to project and perfect the whole Plan ; and could not then forbear recommending to my Friend Mr. *Lambert*, to borrow the Design of two Scenes (the Gardens of *Ceres*, and the Solitude ) in the following  
Enter-

DEDICATION. vii

Entertainment, from your own most delightful Garden at *Hanworth*: How well he has succeeded is needless for me to say; for without the modern Affectation of putting his Name to the Play-Bills, I doubt not but the Publick will distinguish, and do Justice to so early and fine a Genius. Permit me, Sir, to conclude this Address, by wishing you all possible Happiness, by begging the Continuance of your Friendship and Favour, and by assuring you that I am,

S I R,

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,  
Feb. 10, 1726.

*Your most obliged,*

*And most faithful*

*Humble Servant,*

J. R.



# Vocal Characters.

## M E N.

JUPITER,	Mr. <i>Rochetti</i> .
PLUTO,	Mr. <i>Leveridge</i> .
MERCURY,	Mr. <i>Laguerre</i> .

## W O M E N.

CERES,	Mrs. <i>Wright</i> .
PROSERPINE,	Mrs. <i>Seedo</i> .
CYANA,	Mrs. <i>Stevens</i> .

Infernal Voice.

Gods of the Woods.

Nymphs attending PROSERPINE and CERES.

*Sicilians*.

Infernal Spirits attending PLUTO.

Shades.

## C H O R U S.

S C E N E, *in Sicily.*



THE  
R A P E  
OF  
P R O S E R P I N E.

---

SCENE I.

*The Gardens of Ceres, with the Palace at a Distance.*

CERES, ARETHUSA, and CYANA.

CERES.



Blest Retreat! O blissful Bow'rs!  
Ye sunny Hills, and verdant Glades!  
Warbling Choirs, and murm'ring  
Springs!

Here, midst your Sweets, in full Content I  
reign,

Nor envy *Juno* on her starry Throne. —

B

Quick,

Quick, *Arethusa*, fly,  
 Assemble all my Sylvan Train,  
 To raise a Trophy to victorious *Jove*.

[*Exit Arethusa.*]

The rash, rebellious Sons of Earth,  
 Whose Giant and presumptuous Pride,  
 With Mountains pil'd on Mountains Heads,  
 Thought to have scal'd his Heaven,  
 His mighty Arm has quell'd: And now,  
 Deep in the Centre, grov'ling and subdu'd,  
 They lie the Monuments of Wrath divine.

*Let Harmony sweetly resounding,  
 Gay Pleasure and Transport invite;  
 Till the Voice in loud Ecchoes rebounding,  
 Thro' the Valties diffuse our Delight.  
 Let Harmony, &c.*

## S C E N E II.

MERCURY *flies down to CERES.*

*Cer. Hermes!* What unexpected Charge  
 Can to these humble Mansions bring  
 The Messenger of *Jove*?

*Mer. Bright Ceres,* from th' eternal Throne  
 In Embassy I come:

He, who assembled Gods commands,  
 Here drops his Pow'r, and sues to thee.

*Cer. What Grace can I confer to please  
 Him whom Earth fears, and Heavens obey?*  
*Mer.*

*Mer.* While his all-seeing Eye with Joy  
Beholds these Plains enrich'd by thee ;  
He mourns the barren *Phrygia's* Fate,  
Whose Soil no golden Harvests crown.  
To their Distress his Mercy yields ;  
The God implores, that *Ceres* too  
Instant will pity, and assist their Toil.

*Cer.* When I reflect how once he lov'd,  
Tho' all his Vows are now forgot,  
Yet for my *Proserpine*,  
The dear-lov'd Offspring of our Joys,  
*Jove* cannot ask in vain.  
No, — say to your eternal King,  
*Ceres* obeys, and *Phrygia's* blest.

*Mer.* I fly the pleasing Sounds to bear,  
Which, well I know, will sooth his Soul,  
And kindle up returning Love.

*Again the God shall wooe thee,  
And languish in thy Arms ;  
Who gazes must pursue thee,  
So pointed are thy Charms.*

*Again the God, &c.*  
[Mercury flies up.]

### S C E N E III.

*CERES and CYANA.*

*Cer.* *Phrygia*, I come thy Soil to bless,  
And cheer thy lab'ring Swains — *Cyana*,  
Bind the wing'd Dragons to my Carr ;

My Flight demands the Lightning's Speed.

[Exit Cyana.

O *Proserpine* ! my Child ! ten thousand  
Fears,

While thy defenceless Youth I leave,  
Croud to my throbbing Breast,  
And give me all a Mother's Pains.

[Exit Ceres.

S C E N E, *A Farm-Yard.*

*The Grotesque Part begins.*

S C E N E IV. *Ceres's Palace.*

*Enter Proserpine, accompanied with the  
Nymphs of the Train of Ceres, and per-  
form an Entry; during which Ceres ap-  
pears in the Air in her Chariot drawn by  
Dragons.*

*Cer.* Well have you done, my faithful Train,  
Go on to celebrate th' important Day,  
Eternal *Jove*, the Victor God,  
Has hurl'd Destruction and Dismay  
On his rebellious Foes.

Raise

Raise the big Trophy to his Name,  
 Sound every Instrument of Joy,  
 And with brisk Measures beat the Ground,  
 'Till Earth and Air grow sensible  
 Of your Applause, and his Renown.  
 But, midst the Triumphs of your Mirth,  
 Remember, to your Charge I leave  
 All that a Mother's Breast holds dear ;  
 To you, and to the Gods,  
 I trust my darling *Proserpine*.

[*Ceres flies off.*]

*Prof.* See ! see ! aloft, advanc'd in Air,  
 She rides upon the Clouds.

*Swift the Moments wanton round,  
 While with circling Blessings crown'd,  
 But slow they move when Pleasures cease.*

*Fly, ye gloomy Hours of Anguish,  
 Bring her back for whom I languish,  
 And restore my Breast to Peace.*

*Swift the, &c.*

Let's haste the solemn Dance to tread ;  
 With Spoils of War the Trophy deck,  
 And execute her Royal Will.

[*The*

*[The Nymphs renew their Dance, and erect a Trophy, in Honour to Jupiter, that is formed of the Spoils of the Giants whom Jupiter overcame. An Earthquake is felt, and Part of the Building falls; and, through the Ruins of the fall'n Palace, Mount Ætna appears, and emits Flames. Beneath, a Giant is seen to rise, but is dash'd to Pieces by a Thunder-bolt hurl'd from Jupiter.]*

Ye dreadful Powers, what means this Change?  
 Why all this Pomp of Horror?  
 Fear and Amazement shake my Soul!  
*[Exeunt Proserpine and Train.]*

S C E N E, *A Country house.*  
*The Grotesque Part continued.*

S C E N E V. *An open Country  
 with Corn-fields.*

*Enter PLUTO, attended by Infernals.*

*Plu.* My Soul's on Fire.—Flames, hot as those  
 Which scorch the Dæmons in my Realms below,  
 Burn up my Breast, and rob me of Repose.  
*O Proserpine!* I bend beneath thy Power;  
 Oft

Oft to these Vales the Charmer steals,  
And, pleas'd to weave the Chaplet for her Brow,  
With rosy Fingers plucks the breathing Flowers,  
Less fragrant than her self.

*Flight of Cupids hover round me,  
Spread your little subtile Snares ;*

*Beauty found the Force to wound me,  
Beauty must relieve my Cares.*

*Flights of, &c.*  
[ A Dance of Dæmons.

But, see, she comes!

Instant be gone ; — I'll to retire ;

*[Exeunt Infernals.*

And watch, a Moment may assist my Joy.

*[Pluto shades himself behind a Tree.*

*Enter Proserpine and Nymphs.*

*Prof.* Content and Bliss serene dwell here,  
Safe from the Pains the Wretches feel,  
Who pine with Love's fantastick Chains.

Haste, see the Flowers luxuriant rise,

And court your Hands to crop their swelling

*(Odours.*

*[All Nymphs but Cyana disperse  
themselves.*

*[Pluto advancing, seizes Proserpine.*

Protect me, Heaven!

*Plu.* You pray in vain.

The

The Heavens consenting doom you mine.

*Prof.* Is there no Aid? — *Plu.* None.

(*Prof.* O my Fears!

*Plu.* Be gone, bold Nymph; if you give  
(Breath

To what you here behold,  
Eternal Dumbness is your Curse.

*Prof.* I'm lost; protect me, Heaven!

[*The Earth opens, and Pluto's Chariot  
rises; he forces Proserpine into it:  
All but Cyana sink.*

*Ceres descends in her Chariot.*

*Cer.* The *Phrygian* Soil, as *Jove* enjoin'd,  
Reaps the full Blessings of my Power,  
And Plenty giving Hand. Each Altar smokes  
To *Ceres'* Name, and gladden'd Crowds  
Send up their Vows to *Jove* and Me,  
In grateful Sacrifice of Praise.

For this my Bosom glows with Joy,  
But more for my Return to Thee,  
O much lov'd *Proserpine*! — My Nymphs, —

[*Cyana and Nymphs enter.*

Ha! wherefore shun you thus my Eyes?

Where is my *Proserpine*? In Tears!

O my forboding Heart! — *Cyana*, quick,  
Resolve my doubting Soul.

*Cya.* O *Ceres*! —

[*Offering to speak, is turn'd into  
a Brook.*

*Cer.*

*Cer.* Ha ! surprizing Change!  
 What mean the envious Gods ?  
 Must I my darling Offspring lose,  
 Yet he deny'd to know what Fate  
 Has robb'd me of so dear a Prize?  
 Have I for this Reward, O *Jove*,  
 Enrich'd the lean and barren Earth,  
 And with my Harvests brought thee Praise ?  
 But I'll resume the Gifts conferr'd ;  
 Rage on the Wings of Fire shall ride,  
 And flaming Ruin cover every Plain.

*Rise, ye Flames, and blaze around me,  
 Hasten, and arm each deadly Hand ;  
 Lift up the consuming Brand,  
 And the guilty World destroy.*

*Rise ye Flames, &c.*

*The Gods of the Woods enter and take the  
 Part of Ceres, and break the Trees ;  
 the People of Sicily enter and oppose  
 them,*

*Sic.* O sacred *Ceres*, spare the Land,  
 Nor thy own Gifts in Rage destroy.

*Cer.* Pity, nor Remorse shall wound me,  
 Vengeance now is all my Joy.

*Pity, nor, &c.*

*[Ceres here snatches flaming Branches  
 from her Train, and sets the Corn, &c.  
 on fire.]*

C

SCENE,

S C E N E, *The Side of a Wood.*  
*The Actions of Harlequin continued.*

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S C E N E VI. *The Elysian Fields.*

*Enter PROSERPINE and several Shades, who range themselves on each Side the Stage.*

Prof. *O anxious State!*  
*Restore me, Fate,*  
*To Ceres' Arms, and Enna's Plains.*

*O Liberty,*  
*I sigh for thee;*  
*Empire compell'd is worse than Chains.*  
*O anxious, &c.*  
 But, see the Tyrant that usurps my Love.

*Enter PLUTO.*

Plu. *Let Torture cease, and Complaints of Woe,*  
*Suspended be Despair.*  
 Why still this Gloom?  
 Prof. *It suits my Fate.*  
*Joy dwells not in these Realms.*

*Plu.*

*Plu.* So fullen Grief perfwades ; but know,  
We have our Triumphs here.  
Come, banish Care ; let Beauty smile,  
Hell fhall be gay to greet its Queen.

*[Takes her by the Hand, stamps,  
Scene opens.]*

*Pluto enters Hell with Proferpine.*

*The Shades retire.*

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S C E N E, *A Chamber.*

*The Grotesque Part continued.*

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*The Raree Show.*

*N. B.* This Air is fung at the End of each  
Verle.

*A very pretty Fancy, a brave gallante Show ;  
A very pretty Fancy, a brave gallante Show ;  
E jufte come from France,  
A pretty Fancy,  
E jefte come from France, — toute nouveau.*

I.

De firft ting be de true Picture of de great  
magnificent City of Londre,

C 2

Dat

Dat fill every Part of de World vid Surprize,  
Pleasure and Vondre:

Here be de cunning French, the wise Italien,  
and de Spaniard runne,

And vere can dey go else, morbleau, to get  
von quarter of de Money.

## II.

And for de Diversions, dat make a de Pleasure,  
for dis Great Town.

Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap,  
as never vas known:

Here be de Hay-market, vere de Italien Opera  
do sweetly sound,

Dat cost a de brave Gentry no more as two  
hundred thousand Pound.

## III.

Here be de wise Managers shew all de Wisdom  
of deir Brain,

Dat make a de fine ring of *Cephalus* and *Pro-*  
*cris* in *Drury-lane*;

Here be Dogs vidout Nombre, and Cats  
purring and mewing;

Which shews dey've at last outdone deir usual  
Outdoing.

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Solitude.**Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* O Power of Grief! that can'st transform  
 Things which the Mind serene thought fair;  
 Making the sick and troubled Sense,  
 Loath Nature in her choicest Gifts.  
 The Woods, the Springs, the feather'd Choirs,  
 The flow'ry Mountains, verdant Dales,  
 The rolling Skies, and gaudy Sun,  
 That whilst I knew the Taste of Joy,  
 All ministred Delight,  
 Are Objects of Discomfort now.  
 When I reflect, These once I view'd,  
 And once was blest: But 'tis my Curse,  
 O *Proserpine*, in losing thee,  
 That, as eternal is my State,  
 Such must be too my Woe.

*O Sleep, kind God, thou Friend to Sorrow,  
 Come, bind me in thy peaceful Chains.*

*From thee alone the Wretch can borrow  
 A short Release from lasting Pains.*

*O Sleep, &c.*

*[A Noise under the Stage.]*

What horrid Sound invades my Ear?

*Inf. Voice.* Let universal Order die,  
 And Nature sink into the Grave of Ruin.

*Cer.*

*Cer.* Well do th' infernal Powers advise,  
Let Order cease, let Nature die,  
And Ruin all the World o'erwhelm.

[Mercury descends.]

*Mer.* *Ceres*, the Voice of your Distress  
Pierces the Heavens, and every God  
Is anxious for the Pains you feel.  
Therefore let Joy, let gay Delight  
Laugh in thy Eyes, and smooth thy Brow.

*Fortune often wooes us,  
Oft with Smiles pursues us,  
When we least suspect her kind.*

*Delights again shall meet thee,  
Lo! Pleasures wait to greet thee,  
Give all Sorrow to the Wind.*

*Fortune often, &c.*

*Cer.* Fate cannot cure my Woes.

*Mer.* Fate will redress your Grievs,  
The darling Child, whose Doom you mourn,  
Now shares Imperial *Pluto's* Throne;  
Behold, th' assembled Gods on *Hymen* wait,  
The mighty Nuptials to proclaim.

[The Heavens open, and discover  
Jupiter attended by Celestial Dei-  
ties; the Earth opens, and *Pluto*  
and *Proserpine* rise, as from Hell,  
attended by *Infernals*; at which  
the Followers of *Ceres* enter in  
a Fright.]

*Jup.*

*Jup.* Hear, *Ceres*, what th' indulgent Fates,  
T' assuage a Mother's Pains, decree.  
Six Moons in each revolving Year  
Shall *Proserpine*, to Day restor'd,  
In filial Duty spend her Hours ;  
And only half her Time employ  
To cheer her royal Consort's Eyes.  
Remains there ought that *Jove* can do  
To wipe Complaints and Tears away ?

*O Goddess, cheer those beauteous Eyes,  
In all your Grievs I share :*

*My Power and Empire I despise,  
While you a Sorrow bear.*

*O Goddess, &c.*

*Cer.* Oh, I am vanquish'd,  
And have no more to ask of Fate.

*Jup.* Then War and Discord shall no more  
Rend the divided Universe.

But Heaven, and Earth, and Hell unite  
In triple League of lasting Peace.

Yet lest these Plains

Remind thee of thy Daughter lost,

And wound thy Heart anew,

Henceforth in *Albion's* Isle reside ;

A Clime, of old, doom'd to become

The Seat of Beauty, and the Soil of Horoes.

[ *Ceres gives Proserpine to Pluto.*

[ *Enter*

[Enter several Dancers, who represent the four Elements, and celebrate the Marriage of Pluto and Proserpine, by a Grand Ballet.

# CHORUS.

Albion, *The Queen of Nations grow,*  
*Thy Fortune to thy Virtues owe.*  
*With Plenty shall thy Earth be crown'd,*  
*And Jove shall make thy Kings renown'd.*

# F I N I S.

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